of mist gathered round him, an' it kep' gettin thicker an' thicker, an' closter an' closter round him, till it hid the

bones, an' was just the shape of a man, an' when finished, there, sir, right be-fore my eyes an' no mistake, was "Nosey

in the bottom. But he glided over the

benches slow an' easy like, an' making no noise at all, while I tumbled along

behind, scratching myself, all over, an

After a while, he turned up a side ra

vine an' that brought us up into a kind of a little flat of limestone formation, an'

he walked over to where there was a lit

rosty old pick that was laying there, and dropped into the hole, and dug out a piece

of ore, an handed it to me without say-

I looked at it, an' could see it was aw-

ful rich truck. Then he got out of the hole, an' held out his hand, as if he

wanted to say good bye, an' I took it. He held my hand that way for a little

while, lookin' at me kind o' sorrowful

an all to one't everything was changed

an' there I was laying on my back, an,

that gol darned burro was right over me,

chewing on the flour sack I had under

my head for a piller, an' one of his fore

As soon as I awoke up an yelled, the

burro run off, an' I loooked off toward

the skull, but it was so dark, I could hardly make it out; but it seemed to me,

that I heard something chuckle down

That dream-if it was a dream-made

me feel so nervous, I just covered my head up with the blankets, an' dassent

would come poking around through the night, I'd magine it was the skeleton

an' have a dose of chills right then and

Well, mornin come at last, an't you bet, I did'nt get up till the sun was shiu-

Then, after I'd cooked an' et break-

fast, I went down an' boried them bones

as I'd promised "Nosey" I would, in my

dream, or vision, call it what you please.

Having done that, I struck off up the gulch, an' went over the same ground I'd

been over w 'h Nosey.

I found the hole, an' the rusty pick,

but no tracks, nor could I see where

I guess you fellows dont believe in spirits, an' I did'tn onc't—but now since

I struck it rich, an' got the world by-

but here he was interrupted by the cl: n

ing of the circular saw that does duty so

way, and-and I left.

a gong, at the boarding house across the

The Apache Prisoners.

Lieutenant C. B Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, A. D. C. to General Miles, was

in the city yesterday. He has been over at San Carlos where he went to have a

talk with the Indians whom he informed that the four scouts who had been tried

idea of their four brethren being sent

tempted to create any disturbance they would all be sufferers. They finally con-

descended to submit quietly, so the pris-oners were shackled and taken from the

agency in the presence of the Indians. A company of soldiers accompanied them

to Wilcox. They passed through on last night's train and will be taken directly

to San Diego Barracks in California

The other twelve Indians who are still prisoners will in all probability be turned over to the civil authorities for trial, and

as the evidence against them is pretty strong, some if not all of them are liable

to have the strength of their necks well

tested. -Star.

ing good and bright.

that way.

feet sot square down on my right hand.

making a devil of a racket.

Prepared for the Big Boom!

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Elegant Club and Reading Room-



Reub's Dream.

RIVERSIDE, S. p. 1, 1887. It was at Riveredge stage station, on the Gila. I was sitting outside the sa-loon as he came up with a long suhuara rib in his hand, with which he was try-ing to impress upon the mind of his patient ass, the necessity of making at least one mile an hour. He was a man pro-bably of forty-five years old, probably six feet high, and built as though for tempo-

rary use only.

A small knot of old timers was gather ed around, whittling up packing cases, and ruminating on the good old times. As soon as the new comer had dealt his patient ass the last prod necessary to low me. Well, I got up then, not feel-land him at the saloon door, he put his hand in the bosom of his shirt, and drew struck off up the gulch an' I followed

thence a chunk of ore.

In the meantime he had been greeted vociferously with "Hello Reub" and 'Hello old pard.

"Weel boys", he said as he lifted up the front part of the limp and droop-ing brim of his old slouched hat. "Weel boys",— and here he run the fore finger of his left hand over his intellectual brow, and flirting it gracefully, he besprinkled the bystanders with a shower of aromat-

ic persperation. "Weel boys", he reiterated, "I got her at last." "Struck her?" was queried in a chorus.

He handed the sample to Gadburt, the tle hole dug, an' some ore piled up on the side of it. Then he grabbed holt of a

jacknife assayer. Gadburt received it with a solemn

gravity, befitting his deep knowledge of the crucial jacknife test.

He then proceeded to open a some-what rusty old pocket knife, whose sticky brown blade proclaimed its regular occu

pation to be tobacco cutting.

He applied the knife to the sample, with that peculiarity of touch which is

known only to the true jacknife expert.

The old timers watched him intently, and strained their auricular nerve to catch the first sound of the ominous grate which would proclaim it low and base, or the smooth glide, which would prove it rich and malable.

Here the interrogations, congratula-tions, and side remarks on luck of the old timers became so jumbled up and en-At last come order out of chaos, and

he was begged by Gadburt to give a full account of the "find" so as to have it published in the ENTERPRISE. Thus appealed to, Reub made a violent effort to clear his throat of the dust of

travel, and expectorated with great em-The Teutonic proprietor, who stood in

the doorway, graciously took the hint, and blandly remarked. "Gom in Roop, and take somedinks."
Reub obeyed with alscrity and a grin.

Ein gloss lager Roon that it shake hands with my thorax, before it drops down. Something strong." "Viskey?"

Having disposed of the whiskey, he took a seat outside, and p illed from his

petket a damp looking piece of "climax" and proceeded to cut it up. This being done, he proceeded to subject it to a vi orous triturating process be-

tween the palms of his hands, He then drew out an aged briar-root pipe, whose usefulness had | 6 n prolonged by patching its stem with a section of 44 calibre cartridge shell, and termiminating it with a home made mouth-

After using up a dozen matches, and a good deal of lung power, the smoke was a success, and the tale began.

"Boys you all know Nosey Jim; I dont know what his right name was, nor I dont think anybody else does around

Well I or c saved Nosey from drowning in the Gila here, when she was boom ing high, and he was trying to cross an he swore that if he ever should have a chance, he'd show his gratitude living or dead. I remember the words plain.

Well, that's over ten years ago now, an' soon after that he started out on a prospecting trip, from Tucson, an' was never heard from afterwards.

Well about five days ago, I went into Well about five days ago, I went into by court martial were to be taken to San the hills, a few miles up the river here. Diego. The Indians did not like the and one evening I got to a place where there was a little tank of water, down in

away, but Lieutenant Gatewood told them they might just as well submit quietly to the sentence, for if they at-I had peen punching that old burro over the hills, and trotting around breaking pieces of float all day long, and was pretty darned tired, I tell you: so I thought I'd camp there that night.

I guess it was about four o'clock when I got there, and the sun was pretty high yet, so I had time to go down to the river before dark, anyhow—and lots of fellows would have done it if they had seen what I seen,—but I was awful tired.

When I got down to the little tank, I kind o'looked around a little, an' notice' a pair of old curled an' warped shoes sticking out of the sand a little below and thinking it wus a rather queer place to find old shoes in, I took holt o'one to pick it up, an' I'll be blowed, sir, if I did'th pull up, not only the shoe, but the leg bone of a human skeleton.

Well, my hair riz then, and dont you forget it. But after a while, I got nerved up an come to the conclusion, that old bones could do no harm, nowhow The skull and some of the ribs, was a little further down, an' I picked up the skull an' laid it on a big rock.

The sun was'tn quite down, when I'd cooked an' eaten supper, but I spread my blankets an' laid down, as I felt pretty sleepy. sir, I could'tn keep my

off'n that darned old skull, as it sot up there on that rock, grinning jist as if it Sometimes I'd be half asleep; but the thoughts o'that skull, kind o'kep me

But I'd dose and dose, and then after a sort of a blank, I thought I saw the skull move on the rock, an' it did too. It moved along to the edge of the rock STORE, It moved along to the ground, just as and then dropped to the ground, just as soft as if it had wings on; then the ribs and other bones commenced to wriggle around and get together and built them-MICHEA, bealer in

MERCHANDISE.

around and get together and built themse've up into a regular complete skelsetor; then the skull softly riz up an'
took his place on top an' gave me a little
nod, an, at that I tried to get up, but I
cud'th move a peg. Then there was a sort

The university regents have concluded
not to sink for artesian water.

LIFE AT LONG BRANCH.

DAY'S DOINGS AT THE FASH-IONABLE SEASIDE RESORT.

Jim". Here the narrator paused, to again light his pipe, and one of his aud-tors took this opportunity to sarcastically enquire if he did'th have a demijohn Going to the Early Train-Lawn Tennis and Horseback Riding-Bathing Begins at 11 o'Clock-Afternoon Driving-Din ner and the Evening Hours.

Treating the questioner with contempt, he resumed the thread of his story.

I lay there, just paralysed with fear and surprise, an' he just walked up to difficult to pass the day as they would in Paris, and a New Yorker in Florence cannot live a day as he would in his own metropolis. Neither can a man, with all that favor, as I promised; get up an, fol-low me. Well, I got up then, not feel-ing scared like I was before to do you metropolis. Neither can a man, with all his victories over nature, pass a day in the Alps as he would on the banks of the Amazon. And so a man cannot carry out a day at Long Branch as he would at White Sulphur Springs. He does at Long Branch what the place permits him to do. Generally speaking, the summer population is up at 7 o'clock, because the great majority of the men go to New York every day to attend to business and they start at about 8. Somelow I never thought about talking to him, as I followed on close behind an he never spoke a word to me. Pretty soon, the gulch led us into the mouth of a deep carryon, with high bluffs on each side, an' rocky an' rough

Going to the train is the first business of the day, and a pretty sight it is to see the ladies in their fresh, white, morning gowns, driving their carts and phaetons down to the station with their husbands, The harness and horses and carriages, fresh from the hands of industrious grooms fresh from the hands of industrious grooms and coachmen, and unspotted as yet by the dust of the day, glisten under the early morning sun. The air is cool and invigorating, and the bustle and confusion about the station has a fashionable picturesqueness about it that is charming to the student of society. After the business of the morning exodus is done, lawn tennis comes to enliven the day. The game is exceedingly popular at Long Branch, where the fine lawns, of which I have spoken, furnish admirable courts. have spoken, furnish admirable courts, About 9 o'clock in the morning you will see young men in white flannels and young ladies in loose gowns running about on the smooth turf, and entering into the on the smooth turf, and entering into the game with an earnestness which fully atones for any lack of skill. Besides tennis, horseback riding claims attention. The roads at the Branch are excellent for this exercise, and scores of equestrians may be seen every day taking a morning canter. Many of the ladies choose this part of the day to do their shopping, and East Long Branch is made very lively. like, an' then he sez, pointing down the canyon, "Reub, I was killed by the Apaches; bury my bones, wont you old I promised to do it, and then he started to grip my hand,—an jewhillikins, how he gripped! It hurt me so I just yelled, an' struggled around to get loose

their shopping, and East Long Branch is made very lively.

About II o'clock bathing begins to rise above the horizon. At the hotels the customary time for bathing is at low tide, but as the water is seldom so high or so rough in the summer that people cannot bathe at all hours, most of them select the corning for their dip. The refreshing interest of the hath prepares one to pass. dinence of the bath prepares one to pass, with equanimity, the warm hours of the early afternoon, before the sea breeze springs up. At some of the hotels the bands give morning concerts at eleven, and those ladies who prefer to devote their afternoons to bathing, sit in the parlors, Esten to the music, and put forth a continuous flow of small talk. After luncheon most people at the Branch take the day leisurely until 4 o'clock. The afternoon driving then begins and continues until about 6:30. The scene on Ocean avenue at this time of the day is a most animated one. At times the drive is crowded so that carriages are compelled to proceed cautiously in order to avoid collisions. cautiously in order to avoid collisions. The evening trains from New York and Philadelphia come in and carriages are dashing to and from the stations, while the hotel stages lumber along laden with incoming guests. The steamboat lands at the pier, and there is a great rushing from all points of excursionists who have come down from New York for the day and are excursioned to get the day and are excursioned. the day and are eager to get seats for the return trip. Sailing vessels of all kinds are seen gliding along up and down the coast, and southern steamers pass by, gen-"Nosey" had been picking, when he banded me that chunk of ore. Every thing looked as though it had'th been touched for ten years.

I guess you fellows dont believe in apirits, an' I did'th onc't—but now since suits, and plunge into the surf. The whole shore front is alive and brilliant with the handsome costumes of ladies, the glitter of mounted harness and the flash

of polished wheels.

By and by, as the dinner hour approaches, the bustle and confusion die away, or rather, transfer themselves to the hotel dining rooms, where the evening dinner is attended to in a manner which shows that the sea air is truly provocative shows that the sea air is truly provocative of hunger. The evenings are usually passed in dancing, or looking at other people dance. The hotel bands play in the parlors every night, and when it is not too warm, waltzing is indulged in to a great extent. Saturday evening is the fashionable night, when people from the cottages go to the hotels to dance, and some little show of dressing is made. As a general thing, however, people do not a general thing, however, people do not dress especially for the dancing, and full evening attire is the exception. The men who spend the day at business do not feel the incumbent upon them to put on their dress suits for the evening, and the ladies are, therefore, compelled to permit them to dance in business costume, if they so desire.—W. F. Henderson in Outing.

A New Idea. Two spruce looking girls stopped an open car in which I happened to be the other day, and took the seat just behind me. They were rather out of sorts, I fancy, by the tones of their voices, and the prettier of the two was evidently "taking it" for some delinquency, by which the other had suffered an annoyance. Finally she burst out with the old, familiar feminine, "Well, I don't care!" And then, with deep sigh, said: "Oh, dear, I wish I'd been born without feet! Then I shouldn't be forever treading on people's corns!" The idea was new.—Boston

Her Three Tiny Dogs. It's simply astounding the lengths some women go to on the dog line. I know one, and she's still at large, who keeps a "nurse" girl whose sole duty is to wash, feed and look after three tiny dogs named

A short time ago a Basuto of South Africa, while plowing up what used to be the camp of the Cape mounted rifles, at Morosi's mountain, found a bottle of French brandy which had been buried and fergotten by some over provident trooper. It is needless to add that the Basuto promptly drank the contents of the bottle, and with a faith that is almost sublime he buried the empty bottle in the ground again with the hope of getting a crop of full bottles next year.

In the course of many visits to England I have discussed with the chiefs of some of the leading bureaus, and have no eason to believe that the average Somerset house young man will do any more work than the average Washington clerk, of either sex. It is a notorious fact that the sole aim of the cierks in the employ of the various departments of the British government is "how not to do it." What s the testimony of a young man who

The English Government Clerk

In a few minutes an angry voice sounded in his ear, "For God's sake, man,

At the rate he was working the new and could have finished the book that lay, which was Monday, and hence the

o kill time. On the other hand, the average Wash On the other hand, the average Washidgton clerk, and by that I mean the
clerks who carry on the business of the
government in the various departments,
is an industrious, quick and energetic person, constantly on the alert for promotion, and to improve his or her condition.

—Robert P. Porter in Chicago Inter

The Laundry Man Has His Say. "The tailors are our best friends now," said the manager of a laundry the other lay. "You see, they used to persist in cutting costs so high that not a particle

"What difference does it make to you "Why, the greatest in the world. This present style brings us in 25 per cent. more washing. You see, when shirt fronts were not exposed men didn't have to be as careful of their linen. Nobody could tell whether a shirt was fresh from the laundry or had been worn a week. The present style has changed all that, and in order to look at all decent a man and in order to look at all decent a man has to put on a fresh shirt every day or else he will be set down as a sloven. You may not believe it, but there were lots of young men who, under the old style of cutting, never wore linen shirts at all. Some of them passed for styllsh young men, too. They need to pin their collars and cuffs on fiannel shirts and, by using a big necktie, concealed the deficiency. There was one west side youth who sent all his laundry here, and it was through him that I got onto and it was through him that I got onto this scheme. One linen shirt would last him three weeks. I don't mean that he wore it all the time; he only put it on when he wore a dress suit, the rest of the wonder any more, as they have more expedients than a criminal lawyer. stance, turn down collars were fashion-able last winter. These fellows, of course, all wore them, and in a small way they were a godsend to them. Why! Simply because they could make them do double duty. When one side became soiled they would turn the collar wrong side out and present the clean part to the public gaze. When men resort to such schemes as this is it any wonder that they can keep up a good appearance on a small salary! It's disgusting, simply disgust-ing, I say."—Chicago Herald.

2:15 1-2. Electioneer follows closely behind Volunteer with Manzanita, 2:16; Anteo, 2:16 1-4, and Adair, 2:17 1-4, the average rate of speed in their case being 2:16 1-12, and when it is borne in mind that Manzanita, made her record last season when but 4 years old, and that she will undoubtedly go faster this year, it must be conceded that Electioneer is wonderfully well to the front in this regard, as he certainly is in others." he certainly is in others."

Who First Ate an Oyster?

Composition of Cream.

produced, and as a consequence of these differences in the composition of cream variable quantities of butter are produced from a given bulk of cream. The value of milk, then, for butter making cannot be determined simply from the percentage of cream thrown up. The butter whey must be obtained by churning the

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FLAG, ORACLE and TUCSON. Leaves Mammoth 'Tuesday's Thursday's and Saturday's, returning alternate days.

Useful and Hurtful Medicines. There is a certain class of remedies for

constipation absolutely useless. These are boluses and potions made in great part of podophyllin, aloes, rhubarb, gam-boge, and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomachs of those who use them is incalculable. They evacuate the bowels, it is true, but always do so violently and profusely, and be-sides, gripe the bowels. Their effect is to weaken both them and the stomach Better far to use the agreeable and salutary aperient, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the laxative effect of which is never preceded by pain, or accompanied by a convulsive, violent action of the bowels. On the contrary, it invigorates those organs, the stomach and the entire system, As a means of curing and preventing

malarial fevers, no medicine can compare

with it, and it remedies nervous debility rheumatism, kidney and bladder inactiv

ity, and other inorganic ailments

Capt. C. H. Webber has been appoint-

The university regents have concluded

and was subsequently appointed as a sivil service writer in the British custom iouse? He merely applied his country iouse habits of industry to the governnent work. ion't work like that; you'll have the whole office against you, and you won't do yourself a bit of good."
"Indeed," the newly appointed writer

"Yes, it's a fact. H— has got to give you the next book when you're done, and he wou't be ready for you before next Saturday.

first complicated question which arose ander the perfect system was how to kill the remaining five days. As a matter of fact, much of the time of a London bar-nacle, between the hours of 10 a. m. and i p. m., when he is supposed to be at work, is spent reading the papers, taking thort walks, discussing the European and Irish questions, grumbling at the stinglness of the public and bewailing the working of this perfect system. As a rule the British government clerk is a man whose most serious question in life is how

of shirt would be exposed. We went to them and tried to get them to change the styles, but they turned a deaf ear to our entreaties. This year, however, they yielded, and everything is running whether tailors cut coats high or low!

time it was put away in a drawer.

Tretting Wonders of the World,
The six leading sires of the world, according to The Breeders' Gazette, are
Blue Bull, George Wilkes, Daniel Lambert, Volunteer, Dictator and Electioneer
—that is, when all things are considered. "When one takes the fastest three of the get of each," says the authority quoted from, "he speedily discovers that in this point of excellence Dictator stands at the head. His best three are Jay Eye See, 2:10; Phallas, 2:13 8-4, and Director, 2:17, 2:10; Phallas, 2:18 8-4, and Director, 2:17, their average records being 2:13 1-2. Next in order comes George Wilkes, whose fastest trio are Harry Wilkes, 2:13 1-2; Guy Wilkes, 2:15 1-2, and Wilson, 2:16 1-4. Averaging these records we find the result to be 2:15 1-4. Then comes Volunteer with St. Julien, 2:11 1-4; Gloster, 2:17, and Alley, 2:19. Their average is 2:15 1-2. Electioneer follows closely behind Volunteer with Manzanita, 2:16:

Human vanity has received one more blow. A writer on gastronomy once com-mented on the great courage the man must have had who first ate an oyster. But now it seems that the discovery of the luscious qualities of this bivalve was not made by a man, but by his country cousin, the macacus. Mr. Alfred Car-penter, of Bombay, has often seen these Pepper, Salt and Mustard. Every morning, rain or shine, the Cruet, as the neighboring small boys call them, are driven out by the coachman, attended by the "nurse maid," for an airing. When it rains, in a covered carriage. Think of the longing faces which follow the beautiful turnout, of the sick poor, of—ugh! it makes me sick unto death.—Ploneer fork. By the way, would it not be a good speculation for some restaurateur to hire a few monkeys as oyster openers and to try to teach them the three words, "small, medium and large?"—The Epoch.

Cream varies in composition according to the circumstances under which it is